

49.

The Character of a WILLIAMITE.

HE is One, who being lately Bug-bear'd out of his Wits, fancies himself still haunted by the frightful Ghost of Popery. He is always in Company tormenting a Man's Ears with some dismal Story; and tells you more Romantic Lyes than ever stood on Popish Legend for the Holy Promotion of Protestant Religion. Three times a Day at least he says over little *Chiswell's* News-Book with much more Devotion than his Prayers; and by a strong Faith, and the hungry Fryars Blessing [*Be thou Fish*] enters it into his Creed. He piously commends Treachery and Rebellion to *THE LORD'S DOING*; and will not be satisfied, unless Providence work another miraculous Defection to make *IT MORE MARVELOUS IN OUR EYES*. He derives his venerable Name from a Rigid Presbyterian, and by consequence does not hold himself obliged to Solemn Oaths, or any Sacred Tyes whatever. He has entertained so deep a Love for the Second Commandment, that he is willing to part with any of the rest in Exchange for it. Under pretence of rooting out Idolatry from off the Earth, he encourages Children to commit Paricide, and in bold Defiance to the Fifth Commandment Prays, *That their Days may be long in the Land*. He roundly maintains the Doctrine of *Passive Obedience*, by quietly suffering his Lawful Sovereign to be drove out of his Dominions by Troops of Treacherous Subjects, and Crueller Strangers. With *David* he sometimes complains (on a sudden Gripe of his Spirit) *That ye have not kept the Lord's Anointed*; but it is only, because ye have given him a fair Opportunity to recover his own just Rights again: As appears by his late strange Defending the King's Title, that is, by taking a New Oath of Allegiance to the *Usurper* with a formal Declaration, that has no other meaning in it, that I know of, than that he will stand by the Present Unlawful Possessors of the Crown with his Life and Fortune, though it be against the plain Dictates of his Conscience. He wipes Mouth in Innocency, and cries, I had no hand in the Expulsion of my Prince; but trusts in God he shall never see the Restauration. He views the Miscarriages of an unfortunate Master through a magnifying Glass, but turns the Prospective to on the woful Miseries have attended his own Creatures unnatural Invasion. He never speaks of the Bishops being sent to the Tower without Horror and Amazement; but is now very well contented to have them *Suspended*, and Doubts not to see them *Deprived*, for their malignant Scrupling to Perjure themselves in their own Preservation. He is a mighty Stickler for the Liberty and Property of the Subject, and yet tyrannically commands us to make a New Covenant with the Government for what all the Laws of the Land have already assured us, is *Meum* and *Tuum*: And all this to give us no better a Title to our Estates than One has to the Crown he wears; which is to last so long as we give the Dutch Task-makers leave to Lord it over our Souls and Bodies. He confirms every Body in the Belief, that Things are too far gon ever to think of King *JAMES's* Return into *England*; and at the same Time has a Disturb he may prove no *Conjurer*: And therefore represents Him as a Common Enemy, the Hater of his People, and scares you with Fire and Fagot, and the Lord knows what, to call in your help to fulfil his malicious Prophecy. You will find him Flattering and Fawning upon every little Seclary, and has quite worn off that stiff, rugged Humour of admitting none into his Communion but upon the Terms of Christ's Institution, that he is now willing to depart from all the Antichristian Rites of Decency; and ever since he has heard of the Restitution of Presbyters into the Church of *Scotland*, begins to talk with a great deal of Indifferency about his very Episcopal Ordination, (well knowing the *Reforming* Spirit of our Governours.) Nay, he is grown so Gentle and Complying, that he has laid aside the distinguishing Character of the Church of *England*, (I mean his Loyalty) as a Title too Invidious and Unsafe for a Protestant Church to glory in; and does now without a Blush own himself as Religious a Rebel as the greatest Fanatick Zealot in *England*, to hold the Faith in Unity of Spirit, in the Bond of Peace.

——— *Nam quis*
Peccandi finem posuit sibi: quando recepit
Ejectum semel attrita de fronte ruborem